



SOUTHERN ECHOES





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN ECHOES.

BY
LOUISE PIKE.



BOSTON :
EASTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
61 COURT STREET.
1900

Copyright, 1900,
by
LOUISE PIKE.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS, 202 Harrison Avenue,
BOSTON, MASS.

PS
2587
P51a

Contents.



| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|------|
| PREFACE | |
| DEDICATION | |
| A PRANK OF HYMEN | 9 |
| CLARISSA'S MAW | 20 |
| THE REVOLT OF AMOS. | 36 |
| TOBIT'S CALL. | 44 |
| A GAME OF CRAPS | 55 |
| TEMPE'S VENTURE | 68 |
| HE KNEW THE MISTRESS. | 77 |
| A NO 'COUNT NIGGER. | 86 |
| BIG BEN | 92 |
| TWO GOURDS OF FAT | 101 |
| EPHIRAM'S BOLD STROKE. | 108 |
| A HOODOED SEVEN | 123 |

Preface.



FEW, very few now are the genuine old time plantation darkies. The old colored retainer is almost a thing of the past and his passing might serve for the theme of an interesting bit of sectional history. Silently and slowly the great throng of them have gone, leaving nothing but a memory in the place once theirs.

Yet no obituaries are written, telling how they have lain down the shovel and the hoe, in very truth ; just a few of them are left and their fidelity deserves endless praise.

The dialect too, of these dark-skinned comedies and tragedies of the old times is passing, and the less pleasing, less picturesque speech of the school-bred darky is taking its place. Soon, with the last vanishing remnant

PREFACE.

of the "old heads," will have passed a curious mode of speech, the imitation of the English tongue by the immediate descendants of the African negro.

The melodies also are now very seldom heard. The songs of the rice and cotton fields, the themes of which are trivial and primitive, full of monotonous repetition, but full also of vocal harmonies, rich, strange, of barbaric originality, they are not easy to write or interpret, yet they are musical, haunting, and inimitable.

Yet in time will we say "good-bye" to them as we are saying it to the singers, carelessly and unheedingly, when their preservation would have enriched the literature of song.

THE AUTHOR.



To Clarissa
These Tales are dedicated
as a grateful remembrance
by the


Author.





A Prank of Hymen.



INA was up earlier than usual. It had been very hot all night in her small cellar room in the alley, and though she had retired late the continued stifling heat kept her awake most of the night.

Consequently she had got up long before sunrise, put her room to rights, and, as it was Wednesday morning, dressed herself neatly in freshly laundered clothes.

Tina was cooking in a banker's family just then, and one of the requisites of the situation was that the cook should always be cleanly dressed. So when Tina emerged from the alley into the cross-street she looked very smart indeed. Her gingham dress was gay in color, and very stiffly starched, her apron

was spotless, and she carried on her arm a basket of generous size in which to stow away the broken food sent back from the dining-room.

For many mornings Tina passed on her way to her service place, returning at night almost the same way. Then one morning the kitchen was vacant, and for several days the banker's family was cookless, being unwilling to supply itself from the great floating supply of servants that besieges the residence portion of the city every Monday morning. After a time Tina returned, and taking up her work where she had left off, kept on as though no interruption had taken place.

"Bin down in de kentry ter see pa's wife," she explained, a few days later. "She was pow'ful sick, and liked ter die. She did dat."

Time passed and the monotony of service became again very tiresome, and Tina was once more thinking of visiting her father's

wife, when on her way to work some one accosted her from behind:

“Lady: say, dar, lady!”

Tina turned to confront a small black man, seemingly on his way to work also, for he wore a number of very soiled nondescript garments, and tied over the front of all, an apron fashioned from a tattered portion of an old gunnysack.

“Who dat hailin’ me?” Tina asked, turning.

“Hit’s me, lady,” the man answered, shuffling his ragged feet awkwardly before her. “I done seed you go by so much I ’lowed I lak de way you look, and was gwine ax yer if you wouldn’t keep comp’ny?”

“Who is you, anyhow, nigger?”

“I’s e drayman for some white men down on de canal. I gits fo’ dollars a week.”

“Um, hun!” meditatively. “I reckon you can come ’long ’bout sundown. I cooks all day on de hill foh de quality.”

Tina turned away and the man returned to his deserted dray and mule, standing near by. As he mounted and rattled off down the uneven pavement, his thoughts were satisfactory indeed.

"Mighty purty 'oman dat is. I 'lowed she gwine git mad when I hail her, but she didn't. Nice as pie. Cook, too. He, he!"

Tina thought many times that day of her new admirer, and many toothsome dainties found their way into her service pan in anticipation of his expected visit that night.

"I'm gittin' tired of service, anyhow," she told herself, "an' he 'lowed he gits fo' dollars a week. Ef he don't drink to much licker an' ef he ain't got no more 'oman I'll quit cookin', sho."

It was with quite different inspirations that the drayman decked himself in his best to pay his first visit to his inamorata. Trousers that once had been white, but from repeated washings had turned a feeble gray and shrunk

considerably, adorned his nether limbs. A white shirt and vivid pink collar shone resplendent through the opening of his coat, an article that had once graced the portly person of a union soldier, but which with careful hoarding did duty for much holiday wear. His hat was of the beaver shape, newer than any other article of his toilet, for it was one of the light campaign hats, given to him by a young politician the morning after the last presidential unpleasantness. Very well pleased with the appearance of his outer man, Isaac presented himself at the door of Tina's room in due time, but was not very well pleased or entirely prepared for the reception accorded him. Tina wore her usual workaday frock, but, what was worse, a large ebon son of Ham, much more resplendent than Isaac ever dreamed of looking, occupied the big hide-buttoned chair in the centre of the room.

Isaac paused irresolutely on the step, beaver in hand.

"I hope I ain't done spiled compn'y," he observed, stiffly.

"Come in, Brother Isaac, come in," cried Tina, hospitably. "This-sher gen'man was just a-passin' an' drapped in a spell. Come right in an' set down," and she pulled a chair before the door for the entering guest.

Isaac soon had the field to himself, for the other swain departed. Then Tina proceeded to exert herself for the captivation and entertainment of her admirer. A table was brought forth and spread with the contents of her basket and a cup of fragrant coffee was soon brewed on the few coals smoldering on the hearth.

When Isaac had eaten and drank his fill, his heart expanded, and his sudden admiration for his hostess took definite and serious form. Drawing his chair nearer to her own, he proceeded to unburden himself.

"Dear, kin' lady, has you any objections to my drawin' my cheer ter your side and re-

volvin' de wheel of my conversation 'round de axle of your understandin'?"

"I has no objections to a gen'l'man addressin' me in a proper manner, sah," Tina observed, grandly.

"Dear, kin' lady, de worl' is a howlin' wilderness of devourin' animals, and you is got ter walk through hit. Has yuh made up your min' ter walk through hit by yourself or wid some bold waryah?"

"Kin' sah," she answered, loftily, "ef you thinks you is a good waryah, I will let you pass under my observation from dis day on, an' ef you proves worthy of a confidin' lady's trus' some lady might be glad to accept your purtection, an' that lady might be me."

This point settled after the formal manner, the two considered themselves engaged, and as both were eager and anxious for a definite settlement no time was lost in arranging the day.

"I gits fo' dollars a week, an' I kin keep a

wife elegant, an' don't you be afeered," Isaac observed, when talking over the arrangements, while Tina dilated on her ability as a cook and house woman.

"I kin cook anything," she asserted, "an' no white folks ain't found fault wid my cook-in' yet."

As both seemed to be mutually satisfied there was nothing left but to go ahead, and consummate the satisfactory bargain. Cakes were cooked in the kitchen that never came to the light of day on the banker's table and many lucious hams and juicy sirloins were spirited from the pantry without the knowledge of the mistress.

The feast was spread in the room of one of Tina's friends, the cellar-room in the alley being inadequate to hold the invited guests. And Tina, in her best, surrounded by her friends, awaited the coming of the groom. The ceremony was to be performed by a neighboring magistrate and Tina had the

license already in her pocket, Isaac having pleaded a lack of ready change and an unwillingness to draw on his employer for the amount. Accordingly Tina had waived the point and herself purchased the necessary document.

Moments passed and still the groom came not, and the assembled guests began to show signs of impatience and later of anger. Soon there was an audible whisper among the crowd expressive of doubt as to his coming at all. Dissatisfaction had reached its height and there was a bold suggestion that the feast should be enjoyed whether the wedding ceremony was performed or not. While the mistress of ceremonies vainly tried to maintain order, and the prospective bride loudly bewailed the perfidy of man, the groom entered and stood before her. It was the groom, indeed, but not as she expected to behold him. Instead of being clad in wedding finery, as became the occasion, he still wore the soiled,

frayed nondescript garments of his workaday world, and tied over all was the tattered, dirty, gunnysack apron. He carried in his hand his leather driving thong, and his face was sullenly solemn as he faced the angry bride-elect.

"I know you all is here to see me marry dissher 'oman," he said, addressing the crowd, "and twel dis mornin' I aimed toe do dat. But when I got up dis mornin' a good friend of mine come an' 'lowed toe me dat she was a dissipated 'oman, an' warn't no manner account. I ain't gwine to marry no dissipated 'oman, 'case if I done had her I'd quit her short off; before de Lawd, I would!"

There was a howl of protest on the part of the women, and ejaculatory comments of approval by the men. Friends of the bride gathered round, endeavoring to persuade the man to alter his decision, considering the feast was spread and the license bought. But he was obdurate, reiterating stubbornly his

determination never to marry a dissipated woman.


And, despite tears, threats and entreaties, Iaaac made his escape, and, mounting his dray, clattered down the street, a wiser if not a sadder man, happy in the consciousness that he had escaped being tied, even for a short while, to "a dissipated 'oman."

"Cause," he soliloquised, as he went about his work, "if she want whiskey, an' I lak whiskey so good, who gwine buy bacon 'an bread, huh? Um-huh! I ain't gwine marry no dissipated 'oman, not if I knows dis nigger."



Clarissa's Maw.



CLARISSA was ironing. It was a blistering hot day, the thermometer coquetting somewhere above the hundred point in the deepest shade, but she stood with her back to the roasting fire, smoothing tucks and ruffles and voluminous folds of sheer muslin that we girls would wear a time or two and then cast aside for this patient black women to toil over in the same way next week. I spoke to her about it one day, but Clarissa did not see it that way. "Law, chile," she said, grinning broadly, "yuh maw done pay meh fur sweatin' over yuh clo'es, an' ef yuh all didn't w'ar 'em I couldn't git de money."

This was Clarissa's view of the case which, I confess, had never occurred to me. But she was a cheerful soul and a willing worker, though she was thin almost to emaciation, her upright, tall figure looking not unlike an exclamation point and her very black, small face, with its thin yet protruding lips, and her restless, black eyes, looking not unlike a species of monkey. Clarissa was fond of vivid colors and her Sunday gown was always very gay, either a crude blue a violent pink or not infrequently a staring yellow, never judiciously mixed with any softening color or combination. Likewise was she opposed to the way the young negresses strove to dress their locks wearing her own kinky hair in the good old way as an example to the rising generation — that is, "wropped," as it is familiarly called. A small section of hair is taken in the fingers and bound its length with a smutted cord: another pinch of wool is taken and treated

in the same way, until the whole head is covered at intervals with a sort of trellis work of tightly wrapped hair, and when a negress has not smutted the cord, being indifferent to her personal appearance, the effect is very curious indeed.

Clarissa always wore hers "wropped," and as her scalp seemed of a lighter shade of black than her hair or face, the partings between the small sections gave her head a sort of checker-board appearance, adding much to the unique ugliness of her looks. But in spite of her ugliness we all loved Clarissa. She was a faithful servant in every way. While we were children she was a careful, affectionate nurse, and when we had outgrown her care she still remained with us making herself extremely useful and necessary about the house.

She was full of interesting reminiscence about her white folks, "befo' de wah," and would talk to us girls, telling stories in that

affectionately familiar way of the old negro servants who "knowed yo' maw befo' you was borned."

"Miss Tilda did yuh ever hear —— preach?" naming a popular revivalist.

"No Clarissa," I said "I never did."

Clarissa laughed. "Maw she went toe hear 'im t'other day, an when she kem home she found Mr. Wash'n't'n drunk, an she jess took a stick an' whop 'im good."

"Why, Clarissa," I said, in surprise, "your mother does not whip your husband, does she?"

Clarissa laughed, twisting herself into many grotesque postures, as though the thought of her husband's being whipped was too excruciatingly funny.

"He, he, he, ee! Lawd, yas, dat she do, honey. She do whop 'im. Hit was her dat break 'im f'om gwyne over in de alley ter dat no-count Sally Ann's house."

Clarissa grew serious when the thought of

her trouble occurred to her, and she continued, all trace of amusement vanishing from her black face :

“ Yuh see, Miss 'Tilda, hit was disser way : I knowed Mr. Wash'n't'n was a gwyne ter see Sally Ann, an'I 'low ter maw, I did : “ ‘Spec he's gwyne quit 'n' go dar all de time. Spec's he an't satisfied, nohow.’

“ Maw she didn't say nuthin', but jess waited, an' when Mr. Wash'n't'n done eat he's supper an' go out, maw she go out, too, an' foller right behind.

“ Mr. Wash'n't'n tracked straight fer de ally as fas' as he could go, an' maw she was right a'ter 'im.

“ Sally Ann had a big fire a-blazin' in de chimbly, an' Wash'n't'n was a-settin' dar lak a coon in a 'simmon tree, a-roastin'an' a-eatin taters, an' Sally Ann she was a-roastin' an' a-eatin', too.

“ Maw she peep fru de keehole an' see dat nigger a-settin dar. She bust in de do', an'

pounce on dat Sally Ann, same's a speckled hen on a June bug, an' would yuh b'lieve hit' Miss Tilda, she done wipe up de flo' wid dat yellor gall. But law, hit a'n't done me no good, nohow, if she did do dat ar."

Clarissa was serious for a few moments, her mind dwelling, no doubt, on her domestic infelicity; then her face brightened and she began to laugh again.

"When de chillun see her whop der paw," she continued, "dey pile on her, an' den she turn roun' an' whop de hull lot. Den leetle Boot—she's de baby—went behin' maw an' begin ter poun' her leetle fisses—she's jess lak maw—an' she 'low: 'Yer ol' black nigger, gran'mar!' Den maw flew roun' an' kotch, her an' she 'low': 'I'll teach yer ter call yer maw's maw black nigger!' An' she whop her too.

"I come in den, an I 'low, I did: 'What's de matter, maw? Whar's yer bin?' She 'low: 'I'se bin ter year——preach.' An' I

low : ' I doan think hit done yer much good.'

" Den maw look lak she gwyne whop me, too, an' I make haste ter 'low : What dey sing an' what he preach 'bout ?' an' maw she 'low : ' He preach 'bout de fiery pit an' dey sing somefin 'bout " Yuh mus' fight if yuh wud reign."'

" Wash'n't'n dat stracted w'en he drunk dat he an't got no sorter sence 'tall, an' he 'low ter me, he did :

" ' So de ol' lady 'low she'd come home an' fite de hull fambly ' — he-he-he !

" Den I went out an' lef' dat nigger wid maw, an' I know she give 'im wussen 'Hail Columby,' kase it was two days befo' he kem home a'ter dat, an' w'en he did come in he a'nt had nuthin' ter say ter maw 'tall 'cept 'Yassum' an' 'No'm,' as perlite as kin be.

" Maw's de onyest one dat can do nuthin' 'tall wid Mister Wash'n't'n, kase when he gits ter goin' on his big doin's maw she 'lows she's gwyne driv' 'im 'way from me an' de

chillun ef he don't mind. He's got a hoanin, a'ter de baby, sho' nuff, but, Lawd ! hit's his vittles he thinks 'bout most, kase he ant gwyne work. He's mighty skeerd o' maw,' she's got such a orful temper. W'y, even Mars^cTorm didn't dast ter go agin her in slavery time.

“To be sho' she didn't whop him a'ter he was growed up, but I dunno but what she would ef she'd a wanted ter. She did cl'ar out a whole house full er white felks onct, an' dey was just skeered ter death o' her.

“You see, w'en I was a leetle gal 'bout 10 year ol' Mars hired me out fer meh vittles an' clo'es ter some white folks dat didn't treat meh right. One day dey sent meh ter tote water frum de spring,' bout a mile ; I was b'ar footed, an' didn't had no bonnet an' was a cryin' kase de missis had done beat me, an I met maw a comin' ter see meh. When I done tole her w'at dey done, she got dat mad dat she tuck a fence rail an'

druv 'em all ouden de house, an' nun ev 'em dassent come in tuel she'd done gone. Maw she got such a orful temper, she is.

"A'ter my time wus out wid dem folks, Mars Torm kep meh home ter wait on Miss Lucy. She's Mars Torm's wife, an' maw b'longed ter her ennyways, but her temper was so orful dey never kep 'er'ome noways. She was mos' allus hired out.

"What yer think she says onct whar' she was hired ter cook? She went in de kitchen an' seed one er dese ol' box-stoves, and she 'low :

" 'Yuh spect meh ter cook decent vittles on one o' dem? Whar's yer bilin' water kettle an' yer fry pan? I a'n't gwyne ter do no cookin' dat's wuth whiles on dat ar. Taint fitten fer po' white trash, let alone 'spectable culled pussons,' and maw she jess kept on tuel dey was jess 'bleeged ter git a new stove, kase maw's a elegant cook an' dey all wanted 'er tuel dey jess nachelly got

tired ev her temper. One day w'en de mistis axed 'er ef she cud sprinkle clo'es, maw she druv de mistiss outen de kitchen an sez' 'Go long, chile, I done sprinkle cloes befo' yuh was bawn.' Ef yuh lets maw 'lone she's all right, but she won't let nobody tell her nothin', she's got sich a temper.

"Whop maw? W'y, she fit so, dar warn't no man dassent touch 'er; she'd t'ar dey eyes out.

"Maw, she never had no sich temper 'long at fust. She was brung up 'long wid Miss Lucy, an' w'en she was mahred, 'long 'fore Miss Lucy, dey give 'er a big weddin', an' she got kinder sot up an' spected ter hab her own way. Well, when Miss Lucy mahred Mars Torm 'yuh know, maw b'longed ter her, an' maw's husband b'longed ter Miss Lucy's brudder, an' he 'ouldn't sell 'im nor 'ouldn't buy maw, tho Miss Lucy said she'd sell maw rather'n part 'em, tho maw didn't lak Miss Lucy's brudder an' wouldn't leave Miss Lucy,

an' dey couldn't fix it nohow, an' maw never seed her husban' agin.

"Well, dat mek 'er kind o' sulky, kase she pow'ful fond o' him, an' w'en her chillun was bawn dey was twins an' she jess wouldn't leave 'em ter do nothin' fer nobody 'cept Miss Lucy. She named de leetle gal Lucy, but she couldn't find no name fer de boy. Dey all told her names fer 'im, but nobody dassent say de name o' her husban', kase she hadn't spoke o' 'im onct, an' she wouldn't name 'im after Mars Torm, kase she hated 'im fer makin' 'er take anoder husban.' So hit run on 'an' bles yuh soul, de chile never was named. He was a right smart boy w'en he was sold. Dey was bofe ev 'em sold. Yuh see, ol' mistiss, Mars Torm's mother, was a hard 'oman, an' somehow ruther she took a unlike ter dem chillun, couldn't never b'ar 'em, an' one mawnin' w'en maw were away wid Miss Lucy she done sont fur a trader an' made Mars Torm sell 'em bofe.

“Well, yuh just orter see maw w'en she come home an' couldn't find dem chilun; she rampaged 'roun' same's a wild beas', an' from dat blessed minnit she done hate ol' mistis an' Mars Torm worser'n pizen' an' dat's when her temper riz so orful.

“Maw she don't talk 'bout 'em, but I know she ain't done forgit, kase if anything crosses her she jess ramps 'roun' an' pears lak she'd go ter kill ennybody.

“Laws, no, honey, I an't de on'y chillun maw's got. Dar's me an' Limpy an' Dinah an' Sarah Ann an' Wash'n't'n. He was bawn befo' de wah, an' when maw come away from de ol' place she brung 'im wid' er an' sont 'im ter school here. But long 'fore 'mancipation, jess as soon as Linkum's sojers begin comin' down, maw quit livin' wid de white folks an' went ter her own cabin an' begin cookin' piles er vittles an' sold 'em ter de sojers an' made lots er money. She'd set de chillun ter watch de big road, an' when

dey'd see de sojers comin' dey'd run an' tell her an' she'd begin ter cook. W'y, she's baked more'n a hundred pounds er flour in a week, maw h'ave.

"Lawdy, no, honey, Mars Torm ain't, give her no flour. She done tuk hit. W'y, Mars Torm war'n't dar, an' after de servants runned away Mars Torm went a hidin' in de woods an' dey wasn't anybody up toe de house. Mars Torm lock de doe hese'f an' giv' meh de key, kase he 'low he cud trus' meh wid hit. I was so leetle nobody would 'low I had hit.

"Maw she never know I have hit, kase she hate Mars Torm so she'd give de key ter de sojers, but dey broke in ennyways, dey did.

"Der come erlong one day some kunnels an' majors an' cap'ens an' knocked at de doe, an' dey low: 'Whar's yer Mars?' I sez: 'I dunno' sah,' an' dey 'low: 'Whar's de key toe de house doe?' I 'low, 'I dunno, sah.' Den day break in de winder an' trapse

all over de house. Dey break open de burer drawers scanlous an' tuck de clo'es. Den dey come ter Miss Lucy's room an' dey was a box er letters Mars Torm done writ ter her when dey was a-co'tin, an' dey spill 'em out on de flo' an' I bus' out cryin', kase I know Mars Torm t'ink mo' er dem letters 'n enny-thing he got, kase Miss Lucy done daid. One er dem kunnels he 'lowed ter meh: 'Who's Miss Lucy;' an' I 'low: 'She's Mars Torm's wife an' she done daid,' an' he 'low ter de yethers: 'Let 'em 'lone, boys.'

"Bimeby he axed meh 'gin: 'Wha's Mars Torm at?' an' I 'low: 'I dunno' sah' but I did, jest de same' kase I used ter tote 'im vittles when I could steal enny.

"Maw kotched meh one day an' she 'low: 'Wha' ye gwyne wid dem vittles?' an' I say: 'Dar's an' ol' sow down in de woods wid pegs an' I gwyne feed 'er.' So she 'low: 'I go 'long bimeby an' driv' er up.' I tells yer, I was skeered when she say dat an'

when I done tole Mars Torm he 'low : 'She can't fin meh, kase I got a place ter hide whar she doan' know. 'Doan yuh be skeered.'

"But I was skeered, all de same, an' I took a light'ood knot an' rooted up de pine needles same's a peeg 'ud do, an' sho' 'nuff maw went ter hunt de ol' sow an' fin 'er, but dar warn't no sow dar 'tall.

"Lawd, yas 'honey, she'd a tole on Mars Torm ef she'd a-seed 'im, kase she hated 'im wusser'n pizen, an' she got sich a orful temper ter boot an' a'nt never got over 'im a-sellin' of her chillun 'lak he done."

Clarissa finished the last garment, carefully hanging it up to air, and presently I heard her in the kitchen among the pots and pans putting things to rights. It was plain that no portion of her maw's "orful temper" had descended to Clarissa, for now she was singing a plantation melody to please the younger children, just as an hour ago she had recalled incidents of "befo' de war," to beguile our curiosity :

“De raccoon climb a mighty high tree,
An’ laff w’en he hears de nigger call,
But he shet his mouf w’en de tree cut down,
Hit’s pride dat goes befo’ a fall.”

Dear humble, patient, affectionate, cheerful Clarissa ! She might have her trials, her “up an’ downs,” with Mr. “Wash’n’t’n” and “maw,” büt she was safe from the trials that accompany vanity and the pride that goes before a fall.



The Revolt of Amos.



UNC' AMOS and Mammy Caroline are an old-time couple, the like of whom are fast disappearing, leaving no fellows to take their place.

Married after the orthodox fashion long before "de wah," they have seen three generations of their "white folks," and Ca'line has "nussed and cooked" for each of them faithfully in turn. Her proportions are as ample as those of Amos are spare, and she ruled the little old man rigidly until the fatal day of the accident to the pot, when her sway was forever ended. A fellow servant tells the story of Unc' Amos' emancipation, though Ca'line herself is religiously silent on the subject and

nothing will anger her quicker or call forth a stronger expression of her opinion of a person than to ask her the story of how she got "hitched" and how Unc' Amos "whopped" her.

"Go 'long, chile," she is wont to answer. "Amos an't never done whop dis chile, I'se a 'ooman myse'f, an' no onnery dried up nigger is big 'nuff' toe whoop Ca'line." Then she adds, with all the scorn of one of her race for another; "Some niggers know mo' dan dey pra'rs, an' is allus a sayin' hit. Whop who? Bress de Laur' I an't nebber seed de day."

"Ca'line allus wus a biggoty nigger. I knowed 'er when she wus a gal at the big house nussin' de white floks chillun, an' after 'mancipation she took up wid Unc' Amos an' went to lib in dat same cabin in de holler.

"Amos wus allus a po' sickly, leetle nigger, not very peart at no time, an' Ca'line she had ev'ything jess like she wanted hit.

"She jess boss' Brer Amos 'roun' same's

he'd bin a chillun, a talkin' all de time 'bout her white folks.

"Bimeby Brer Amos he done git tired er Ca'line's foolishness, an' say he 'gwine ter quit an' put her down, an' git him a 'ooman what an't got so much biggotty dat he can't whop 'er when he sorter jes' nachelly feel like hit, 'stead 'o bein' whopped hese'f when Mammy Ca'line feel like whoppin o' him.'

"Some er dem no 'count niggers what's allus a totin' er tales done took an' tole Mam Ca'line Brer Amos say he gwine to quit, but Mam Ca'line she an't say nuthin' yit.

"Amos he wait twel he see what Ca'line she gwine do when she done hear 'bout his foolishness 'er quittin', but Ca'line she not let on lak she know, an' sabe dem taters an' hom'ny an' scraps fer ol' Amos jess lak she allus do. But Amos he shore nuff means ter quit an' take up wid Sally Ann what nusses fer Amoses' young missus.

“Dat ar done show Amos was a fool nigger’ kase no nuss gal gwine feed ’im lak Ca’line feed ’im all he’s life. Sally Ann, she a peart, lively gall, an’ what she gwine do wid po’, finiky leetle nigger lak Amos? But Mammy Ca’line she done whop Sally Ann ’fore all de folks ter prar meetin’, an’ Sally Ann, she bound ter git eben, so when de white folks done had heap er comp’ny come, an Ca’line she deep down ’mong de pots a cookin’ an’ a stwin’ fer ’em ter eat, Sally Ann she sent Amos ter dey cabin yonder, an’ dey toted off all er Mam Ca’line’s truck.

“Dey toted de bade (bed) an’ de kiver ter hit, and de cheers, an’ Sally Ann she toted Ca’line’s Sunday frock what she wears ter prar meetin’, and dat white coat what Ca’line love ter swich ’bout ’mong de culled folks what an’t got none.

“Arter Mam Ca’line wus done a-brilin’ an’ a-stewin’ fer de white folks, she tie up her frock an’ tuck tro’ de co’n patch ter Sally

Ann's house. Dar wus a big fire a-blazin' in de chimbly, an' ol' Amos he wuz a-settin' dar lak a 'coon in' a simmon tree, a-roastin' an' a-eatin' taters, an' Sally she dar, a-roastin' an' eatin', too.

"Mammy Ca'line she wait an' listen, an' peep froo a crack in de doo, an' 'bimeby Sally Ann she low:

"'Roas' taters aint sich good eaten lak yo's bin used ter, Unc' Amos. White folks vittles eats heap better 'n what niggers has. Specs yo' done be gwine back ter ol' Ca'line 'fo' long.'

"'Who gwine back? Yo' is talkin' foolishness, gal. Specs I done keer for good eatin longside a peart, purty gal like yo' is? Um, um, honey! Ca'line 'll done have to git toofs lak yo's got, an' all dat purty ha'r moss lak white folkses fo' ol' Amos he go back. Bress de lam, chile, Ca'line ol' scarecrow 'longside a purty gal lak you is.'

"Sally Ann, she look at Unc' Amos an'

laff. Den she laff some mo' and pop ol' Amos on de jaw. She pop 'im right smart hard twell Amos he mos' tink Mam' Ca'line done got him.

“Ca'line a peepin' froo de keyhole done hear what ol' Amos say, an' done see Sally Ann slap he jaw. Den Ca'line she bust in de doo' an' low ter ol' Amos ;

“ ‘Yo' good-fur-nothin', onnery leetle nigger who is yo' callin' scarecrow, anyhow ?' Den she pounce on Sally Ann same's a speckled hen on a June bug, an', gen'emen, she done wipe up de floo wid dat yellor gal.

“Ol' Amos he sot in de cornder a lookin' lak a rabbit in a tater bank, an when Ca'line she done turn Sally Ann loose ol' Amos he low :

“ ‘We wuz a funnin,' Ca'line ! 'Fore Gawd we wuz !' ”

“Mammy Ca'line she jess took dat leetle nigger under one arm an' dat bade kiver an' frock under tother, an' toted em' back ter dat

same cabin in de holler, an' sot him down, an' ol' Amos he bin dar since, an' never did talk no mo' foolishness 'bout quittin' no mo'!

"Ca'line she wuz mo' biggoty 'n ever, an' whop Amos mos' ev'y day, but one day Amos he whop Ca'line, an' he took an' whop all de biggoty outen 'er

"Amoses ol' miss, she done give he a pot an' Amos he think mighty heap er dat same pot an' put hit 'in de tater house an' tell Ca'line ter quit foolin' wit hit, kase she done brek hit 'fore she knowed. Den Amos he went ter de branch ter lay fer a big buck rabbit what wuz trackin' bout in de mud, an' Ca'line she tuk de pot an' 'low she gwine ter make soap fer ter scour an' wash an' sell fer ter git 'backer fer shese'f an' Amos. Dey wuz hoodoo on dat pot sho's yo' bawn, chile, kase soon's Ca'line take hit outen de tater hole hit jes' fall an' gen-tle-men! hit jes' bust right wide open!

"Ol' Amos he an't seed no buck rabbit at

de branch an' kem 'long back, an' when Mam Ca'line seed him a comin' she jess broke an' run, an' 'low she hide me 'neath de bade.

“Ca'line she most big az de bade heres'f, an' when she git 'most under she hitched, an' Amos he kotch 'er. De Lord he tole Amos dis sher's de time ter whop Ca'line lak she never did be whopped befo', an' gentlemen, he jess done hit! He whopped 'er an' whopped 'er twel she jess preach'! an' beg dat leetle finiky nigger lak a dog ter quit beaten' 'er an' lif' up de dade. Bimeby Amos he quit an' lif' up de bade, an' Mam Ca'line she back out, but Ca'line she didn't want ter set down. Ca'line she never set down in prar meetin' dat week, ner she a'n't never whopped ol' Amos lak she used' no mo.'”



Tobit's Call.



THOSE who knew Tobit best entertained the worst opinion of him. He was a dignified old negro with a halo-like brush of snow white hair, and eyes very like those of a little King Charles spaniel. He gained a precarious living by doing odd jobs for different families and paying court to the cooks in the neighborhood.

Yet Tobit was much liked for he was very obliging. Indeed, so obliging was he that a new comer in the neighborhood, having expressed a desire for a number of buff Cochin hens, Tobit trudged a matter of seven miles in the still small hours of a very dark and frosty night, to a henhouse upon a man's

farm where he knew the buff beauties could be had for the bagging. Nobody but Tobit would think of warming the edge of a board before insinuating it beneath the breast of a sleepy fowl, so that they would step thereon and be brought more readily to the bog.

Tobit was also a christian, believing sincerely in the efficiency of praise and prayer, especially the latter, for when the day's work was done and his wife had kindled a fire in the cabin hearth, the old man would take his much thumbed Bible, and pressing his granddaughter into service, would make her spell over and over his favorite verses — always those which spoke of giving.

“Ask and it shall be given unto thee” made a profound impression on his mind, and long after Melissa had closed the book and slipped away to play among the growing corn, he sat pondering the words: “Ax an’ hit shall be given untoe yuh.’ Ax! De Lawd lows yuh mus’ ax, an’ dat’s what I gwyne do.”

And ask he did ; so continuously, persistently, and to the neglect of other duties, until at last his wife grew tired of his noisy and wordy petitions, especially as there was no tangible result.

Meeting the deacon of his church in the road one day, Tobit adressed him on the subject nearest his heart, and the following conversation ensued :

“ Br'er 'Lias, does yuh b'lieb in de scri'tur' ? ”

Brother 'Lias answered readily : “ Dat I do' praise de Lawd ! ”

“ Does yuh b'lieb de par'bles ? ” anxiously asked Tobit.

“ Dat I do. Ev'y word o' dem par'bles am fact, sho nuff. Gospel troof, yuh know, Br'er Tobit.”

The deacon's decision satisfied Tobit, who became even more devout than ever, praying with redoubled fervor and increased unction, and with the augmentation of his religious

zeal the old man's taste for manual labor lessened, thus his wife and children were left to work their own wills among the cotton rows and potato hills of his once prized "crap."

Martha, his wife, remonstrated, at first very mildly, for she was a peacable woman, and her objections were met with a quotation from scriptures which silenced her for the time being.

Tobit continued his nightly petitions, his tones growing louder and more earnest, until they reached the ears of the white people at the big house. The work among the crops was getting heavy. There was much hoeing and plowing to be done and Martha who was an industrious soul, looked on Tobit's spending so much time in religious exercise, as a "mess of pint blank foolishness," especially as the time was necessary to the welfare of the crops.

Martha was a large woman, twice Tobit's

size, who was a little finicky nigger, crippled with the hardships of many winters, and one day the woman shouldered her hoe, marching homeward, intending to have it out once and for all with the little old man.

Tobit was sitting in his hide-bottomed chair before the cabin, tilted backward at a comfortable angle, his open hymn book on his knee, while he luxuriously dozed the sunny hours away. Martha came around the corner of the cabin, and taking in the situation at a glance gave free vent to her long restrained anger and disapproval

"Dar yuh sets," she observed, pointing a long finger at the old man, "a-foolin' an' a-momickin de time what yer orter spen' in de fiel, 'an what it gwyne git yer? Who yer 'low gwyne dig an' plow while you is preachin' an' a gwyne on? Mebbe," jeerinigly, "yuh spects de Lawd gwyne done sen' taters a-ready growed an' dug fer yuh ter eat when defrost done come. But ef yuh does spec dat,"

and she came nearer, emphasizing her words with many shakes of her long, black finger, "yuh is a plumb bawn fool, an is done gone clean 'stracted entirely!"

"De Lawd'll pervide," observed Tobit serenely, but at the same time edging away from the menacing hand of his better half. "De good book done say, 'ax an' yuh will git,' but yuh is one er dem widout de light. Pray, 'ooman, pray!"

Martha, realizing her helplessness before such argument, carried her case to the young master.

"Taint no soter use, mars David, he jess won't work! He done turn plumb bawn fool bout dat prayin,' an 'de grass a-takin de taters an' de goobers. He 'low," she said scornfully, as though Tobit's assertion was simply a qualification for the mad house. "He low he gwyne pray for taters, plumb raised and done dug lak dem in yuh paw's tater house, an' dat de Lawd gwyne send em'

sho," and Martha curled her wide lips over her toothless gums in supreme disdain, yet anxiously reading her young master's face the while.

"Perhaps Tobit has that faith, Martha," the young man answered mildly, "but I'm going to see what I can do to persuade him to help you with the crop, just the same. Its a shame to make you do all the work."

There was a world of trouble in the black woman's soft eyes as she departed, for she felt that her young master had not entirely sympathized with her, and could she have seen the amused smile that dawned upon his visage when her back was turned, she would have been even more unhappy.

At an early hour, Martha, wearied with her labor, retired to rest in her corner of the cabin, while the children lay sleeping as they happened to fall while eating the dodgers that were their portion of supper.

Tobit thrust a lightwood knot among the

embers and by the flickering rays of its flames began his orisons. Melissa, the child who spelled the scripture over for him, lay asleep upon the floor, but his favorite passages were familiar enough to quote after some fashion and that satisfied the old man. He gave himself the text, verse and chapter, and began to preach and pray, and while he prayed an idea occurred to him. He would pray for potatoes, and perhaps things would happen so that the tubers would be forthcoming and Martha's objections to his mode of life be forever silenced. Perhaps Tobit had his own idea as to where the potatoes were to come from when he lifted up such a fervent appeal for their appearance, though what followed, happened without his knowledge or connivance.

Setting on the hearth among the pots and pans was a pocelain plate a gift from Tobit's mistress and one that he very much prized, and as Tobit uttered his appeal for the tubers

a most surprising thing — to him — occurred. A yam, very large and round came thumping down the chimney, falling among the coals and making the ashes fly, then another and another, until a perfect rain of potatoes poured down, shattering the prized plate and extinguishing the flare of his torch.

The old fellow fell back upon his haunches, his eyes bulging and his mouth agape, watching in speechless awe the answer to his petition, until the last yam had fallen with a dull thud upon his hearth, then with trembling hands he rekindled a blaze, and gazing awe-struck upon the visions of his cherished plate, he said :

“Oh Mars Lawd, dissher ol' nigger mighty proud yuh done listen ter he pray'r, but at de same spechul time, good Lawd, yuh need-n't a-bruck ol' misses' chana plate. Amen.”

The news of the falling of the yams spread like wildfire, and numerous calls came to Tobit to preach at revivals and camp meet-

ings, while preparations for his ordination were being made.

Martha was meekly silent but the glance she cast at her young master in passing, told as plainly as words that she had her own opinion as to where the yams had come from.

At last Tobit went before the board of examination and was duly qualified to preach. He answered all questions satisfactorily, and much impressed the board when answering one put by Deacon 'Liar Gibbs.

"Br'er Tobit is yer got ter whar yuh beliebe in de par'bles yit ?

"Ev'y blessed par'ble, bless Gawd !"

"Does yuh know any er dem well nuff ter repeat ?"

"Dat I does, I knows 'em all, but dat one bout Pothipar an' Jezebal is de truest an' mos' pow'ful one er all. Hit goes dis-away. Yuh see Pothipar was a-ridin' down in his charyit f'um Jerusalem into Jericho. He


druv long lil beit w'en 'long kem Jezabal,
She say: 'W'ite man, gimme a ride,' an' he
done took her up behin' 'im in his charyit.
An' dee went 'long lil funder an' dee fell
'mong t'ieves. An' dee 'low: 'Frow down,
Jezabal!'

"An Pothipar he 'low: 'Let 'im among
yuh widout sin cas' de fus stone,' but dee
'low all de louder 'Frow down Jezabal!'
An den Pothipar frow down Jezabal, but
dem no-count white trash warn't satisfied an
keep a yellin,' 'Frow down Jezabal!' An den
he frow her down seven times but dem white
t'ieves was dat pizen mean dat dee warn't
satisfied nohow an' kep a yellin 'Frow down
Jezabal,' an den Pothipar he fow down dat
'ooman sebenty times seben, an' of dem
remains dee gadered up seven basketfuls."



A Game of Craps.



“OME seben, come leben!”

The low monotone of negro voices accompanied the steady click of the dice, as first one man shook and rolled them, and then his opponent tried his luck with the contrary little ivories.

It was a closely contested crap game between “slew foot Jake” and a new hand on the docks who had worked his way up the river from the rice wharves.

Early in the day Jake met the new hand and thinking that possibly he was a fresh coon to be singed, inveigled him into a friendly game of craps. Jake was the champion crap player among the many light

fingered gentry who made the cotton wharves their stamping ground, and very few escaped him without being plucked.

During the first hour or so very little silver changed hands. The gamin' and river rats began to jeer and sing, tired of the monotony of the proceedings,

“Shoot yer Craps an' have yer fun
Befo' yer see de copper come.”

But Jake and the new “hand” kept steadily shaking and scattering the cubes and the small handful of change grew slowly into what seemed to Jake a stake worth playing for.

It was growing dark here among the walls of high piled cotton bales, and the game continued in favor of the stranger darkey, who signified his intention of soon “gwyne back down de ribber,” but Jake vetoed the movement.

“Yo' is done had de game all yo' way 'cause I let yo,'” he said easily, “now I'm

gwyne show yo' how ter shoot craps," Jake shambled about and pulled from between the cotten bales a few lightwood knots, and with a little cotton lint soon started a bright blaze. Then he produced a little more silver, spread it on the ground between them and began to rattle the dice vigorously.

"Hold on dar! Hold on dar, Mr. Jake!" And taking the cubes in his hands the stranger negro weighed them critically, tossing them to an fro in his horny palms, and then dropping them back separately into the box.

"Dat's lak yo' low country nigger," sneered Jake disdainfully "yo, specs I not gwyne tote fair, so I gwyne watch you, I is."

It was quite dark now, the idlers who had stood about earlier in the game drifted away and at last the two gamblers found themselves quite alone. The fitful flames from the blazing pine knots flickered before them, throwing their grotesque silhouettes against

the piled cotton. The river patrol passed them, parading slowly, arm in arm, and the dice were quickly whisked out of sight only to be brought forth again when they were left a safe distance behind.

The night wore on and the gamblers seemed as eager to continue as they had been earlier in the evening. Finally the hands on the great fiery eye of the town clock pointed to the hour of midnight, and the familiar sounds along the river front began to die away, the stragglers who made their living by the traffic among the boat hands had long since disappeared, and the roustabouts were all sleeping, coiled up in nooks and crannies among the freight or lying supine on top of the cotton piled on the wharves or on the decks of their dingy little river tugs.

It was not until now that the game began in earnest for Jake, for now he reached into the pocket of his baggy, tattered trousers and brought forth some silver coin, a dirty paper

bill or two, and from another pocket in the nondescript garment that did duty for a coat, a quart gourd of whisky was produced. Taking a long pull at the latter he spread the money on the ground, handed the gourd to his companion, then he waited, eyeing his antagonist sharply.

The stranger negro sampled the whisky generously, then as if not to be outdone by Jake in the matter of anteing, he too reached into his pocket and from its depths fished up a small bag, from which he took two gold pieces of five dollars each, and rubbing them upon the leg of his trousers until they glittered brightly, laid them beside his opponent's less handsome pile.

Jake's little oily reddish eyes glittered as he rolled them on the stranger darkey. He had never seen such an amount of the evil root at a river side crap game before, and there was a note of keen suspicion in his husky question: "Whar yo git em?"

"Hit meks no diff'ence whar I git em," the other replied stolidly, "Dar dey is."

Jake could not dispute this self evident fact so taking up the dice he began to shake, muffling the rattle of the cubes in his big fist. Luck seemed to have deserted Jake for he lost steadily though he played carefully and brought into use several skilful tricks.

The gourd of corn liquor circulated freely between them and both men were well under the influence of the rank popskull when they agreed that the next successful throw should decide the game finally. It was the darkest hour of the night, just when the stars seemed to have burned out and dropped one by one from the inky pall of the sky, and before the first faint, intangible streaks of mist begin to herald the coming of the saffron grey that foretells the birth of dawn. There was no sound save the measured footfalls of the patrol as he sauntered past, glancing carelessly at the two men, apparently boat hands

dozing the night away around a scant light-wood fire.

It was the stranger negro's throw. Jake reached out and put the ends of the charred sticks closer together, blowing them with his breath into a feeble flame, reserving a small knotty piece which he twisted nervously in his hands.

The stranger negro shook the dice and scattered them, throwing the best hand of the whole evening, he leaned over counting the throw, and when about to gather up the stake, as quick as thought, Jake's hand flew out, there was a subdued crash, sudden yet decisive, and the stranger negro fell with a thud, face downward upon the stakes.

It was only a moment till Jake had possession of the money together with the bag from which the man had taken it, then carefully stamping out the remnant of the fire he started on a swift, noiseless run through the avenues of cotton bales.

When day broke Jake had left the city far behind and was skulking along the country road in the shadows of hedge and thicket, and when the sun arose high enough to dispel the mist, making objects visible at a great distance on the straight silvery road, he crept into the fastness of a dry swamp and slept until night fell and he could resume his stealthy journey.

Coming to a small rustic footbridge that spanned a rippling creek across the road, he stopped to slake his thirst getting down on his knees to dip his lips into the stream after the manner of four footed animals. When he had slaked his thirst and sat gazing about, a small black girl came around the bend in the road. She carried a small rush basket on her head and a bright tin pail in one hand. Slew foot Jake approached her as she came up, asking roughly: "What yo' got in yo' bucket gall?"

The girl hung back as though afraid to

answer and the man repeated his question with a significant movement of the gnarled stick he had cut in the hedge.

"Break'fas,' sah," she mumbled, tremblingly.

"Break'fas'? Dat's jess what I's lookin' fer," he declared. "Fotch hit here," authoritatively.

"Hit's paw's!" with a faint intonation of frightened unwillingness. Jake made another gesture with the stick, and the girl yielded up the pail and basket without more ado. The hot corn pone and fried bacon strips were eagerly devoured, and washed down with the draught of molasses and water the pail contained, then Jake set out briskly, his big splay feet making ugly tracks in the soft moist sand of the road.

.

More than a year had passed, and the story of a negro being found murdered among the cotton bales on the river front

was forgotten. However the facts of the case were chronicled in the records of police headquarters and for a week or so, a sharp lookout had been kept for the suspected murderer. No information could be gathered as to Jake's whereabouts, he having disappeared completely.

One warm morning the chief of the force sat in his office, smoking and imbibing occasional draughts of a cooling liquid. He did not feel particularly like arousing himself to any great exertion that morning, and it was in no very amiable mood that he answered the humble salute of a big negro who shamled in and stood patiently beside the desk.

"Well what do you want?" the chief demanded gruffly

"I want's ter tell de boss er de police a story, sah."

"Well tell it." The man twirled his old battered hat and shuffled his feet nervously on the floor, "Is yo' de boss?" he enquired politely.

"Um-hum!" the chief drawled indifferently.

"Well, boss, sah," he began hesitatingly, "I spects yo'all is been lookin' fer a nigger named slew foot Jake what knocked anoder nigger in de haid wid a light'ood knot last shippin' time?" The chief nodded.

"Dat's me, sah," declared the negro modestly. "I done tap 'im in de haid, took he's money an' lit out."

"The chief took his feet from the desk, got up leisurely and placed himself between the negro and the door. "What did you kill him for?" he asked lazily.

"Hit was disser way, boss," the negro answered with the air of one telling a simple truth. "I was a gwyne ter see a gall down in Pepp'mint alley. She done had a man an' she 'low she not gwyne quit him lessen she git one dat git her gol' year-bobs. I beg'er an' beg'er but 'tan't no manner er use, she won't quit Pete lessen she git dem gold year-

bobs, she 'lows dey mus' be gol' too, an' no foolishness. Whar I gwyne git 'em?" he asked pathetically, spreading out both hands, empty palms upward. "Den dat nigger come 'long wid money in a bag. We-all shook craps an' he tek mine an' hissen too. Den I taps him wid de light'ood knot an' bust his haid, jess so."

"Well?"

"Massah, boss! Den I an't thinkin' bout no gall in Pep'mint alley. I jess furgit all 'bout her an' walk plumb out in de rice fields. I done tek a 'ooman out dar what don't know nothin' 'tall bout such foolishness, but de speerit er dat-'ar nigger what I done bust in de haid won't let me res'. Every blessed night he come. I move away from dat place down ter 'tother side de swamp, but tain't no manner er use. When night come I set dar an' jess wait, an, sho nuff, yere he come. He tap at de shutter an he tap at de doo,' an' when de fire go out he set on de hath wid

he's foots shufflein' in de chimbly. I got dat niggar what work's wid de conjur ter put he's spell on de house, but dat speerit ant notice de spell 'tall. Dat speerit jess driv me, boss. I jess had ter come back an' tell all about hit.

Jake stood fumbling his old remnant of a hay-maker's hat, all animation having departed, leaving his fierce black countenance a listless blank.


He had told his story and had nothing more to say. The chief continued to smoke but made no comment, he stepped to the door and pressed a button softly, still keeping a vigilant, torpid eye upon the negro.

Now Jake fills a place on the county gang and the spirit of his victim haunts him no longer.



Tempe's Venture.



EMPE had a scheme in her mind. It seemed to her a very brilliant scheme indeed, and one that could be worked as easy as falling off a log.

The next week would be court week in the town, and everybody, black and white, in the county would be about the court house, every day and all day, during that week. Croppers would take the opportunity to come in with part of their crop to enjoy the annual holiday on the proceeds, consequently money would be plenty and Tempe thought she might as well secure a little of it while it was going.

Of course Tempe had no money to begin

with. A woman who has had fifteen children and "brung em all up" to the age of indiscretion, is not very apt to be burdened with very much spare cash, so very naturally Tempe turned to her young mistress in her difficulty.

Miss Ella was sorting her week's laundry in the back piazza when the old woman came in at the side gate and hobbled across the yard; seating herself on the topmost step, with many rheumatic grunts and groans, Tempe began to open the way to her enterprise. "Miss Ella honey," she said insinuatingly, "you never is failed me yit, is yer?"

Miss Ella looked up from counting her towels, a little puzzled. "No, Tempe, I believe not," she said, "what do you want now?"

Then the old creature unfolded the palm which seemed to her such a good one. Next week would be court week in town as Miss Ella knew. There would be swarms of hun-

gry people on the streets, and Tempe proposed, with Miss Ella's help to feed the hungry with profit to herself. Would Miss Ella get her a permit to put her stand on the bit of sward before the court-house gate and give her sufficient to begin with, waiting for her pay until Tempe should realize it from the sale of the food?

At first Miss Ella was doubtful, the permit could be easily arranged, as the mayor of the village claimed kin with the young woman, but the food was another matter. One does not empty one's larder on first request and without due consideration, especially when one is a dweller in that meagre borderland known as genteel poverty. But Tempe pleaded so earnestly that her young mistress could not but yield, "I'll pay yer back for dem pervisions, chile," she said. "I will if Gawd spares me," and so the required rations were forth coming without more delay.

All day Tempe hobbled about the kitchen

getting ready for her appearance before the public. She was a first class cook and the work she turned out lacked nothing in appearance or quality. Bushels of golden brown biscuit, crisp and sweet, a large home cured ham boiled to a turn, a pile of crullers delicious to taste and smell. Many fat pullets were sacrificed and the remains fried to that perfection that never fails to tempt a southern appetite.

Tempe's display looked very appetizing when placed to best advantage next day. Indeed, she made a brilliant spot of color, as clad in her bright pink gown, her neat white apron and vivid "head-hand kercher," she waddled about complacently beneath the spreading branches of the feathery elms.

The old woman had not been very long in evidence before crowds of gamin, scenting the novelty of the thing began to gather. They jeered Tempe, whirling about her in distracting cart-wheel somersaults while

others took the opportunity of "snaking" delicacies from her tempting store.

But the appearance of the mayor himself put the gang to route for the time, anyhow, as he walked up to the old woman exclaiming: "Hi, maum Tempe, what's all this?"

Tempe's thick, liver-colored lips curled over pink toothless gums in a wide, pleased smile. "What'll ye hab, Mars Torm, sah?" she asked.

"Well, a chicken sandwich and a cruller." Tempe served out the delicacy and his honor munched it, exchanging genial banter with the old woman the while. The wagon moved away and other customers came, and the old woman watched her stock in trade dwindle with much complacence.

But her troubles were not ended. They had not even begun, until a customer, one of her own color arrived. He was a big man, evidently from "down de country," as his clothes were sprinkled liberally with tiny

flots of cotton, his big splay feet were minus shoes, and his general looped and windowed raggedness betrayed the supreme indifference to personal appearance characteristic of the country negro. Stopping near the table he hailed Tempe: "Hi, lady, what ye got?"

"Vittles, sah," with the indifference of one negro to another. "Sellin' 'em, I is."

"What yer ax?"

"What dat yer want?" and Tempe uncovered her stock.

"What yer ax ter let meh eat? he asked, roving his small, oily eye over the display of food. Tempe was somewhat taken aback at this novel question and for a moment was at a loss to meet it properly, "Um-m" she stammered, hesitatingly, "how much you gwyne eat?"

"Twel I done had plenty."

Tempe hesitated a moment longer, then, still doubtfully offered the proposition: You gib meh half a-dollah an' eat all yuh wants."

"Eat twel I done had plenty?"

"Yas sah." The man handed over the half dollar and seating himself, began an onslaught that put poor Tempe entirely to rout. The fine, big ham was peeled to the bone, the pile of biscuit dwindled as if by magic, one biscuit serving for a single bite. Crullers and chicken went the way of the rest, and Tempe, her eyes bulging, remonstrated vigorously at every mouthful.

"Yuh done eat more'n a half-dollah's wuth, man !" She insinuated more than once, but the negro eat steadily on, making no answering comment.

The ham and bread gone, the crullers vanished, the negro turned his attention to a pile of pies, a reserved force. Then Tempe arose in much wrath, and in a high falsetto of determined anger, demanded :

"Leave 'dem pies alone, nigger !" but the man paid no heed.

"Leave 'em 'lone, I say ! Hear ? "

"Yuh 'lowed I could have plenty fer half a dollah."

"Plenty! Yuh is done had plenty! Yuh is done eat th' wuth er five dollahs. Leave dem pies alone!"

"But I aint done had aplenty," and he cooly proceeded to demolish pie after pie, regardless of the old woman's vociferous remonstrance.

How the matter might have ended is not known, for just then the mayor sauntering down the street was appealed to and decided the case.

Tempe admitted the fact of having said the man could eat his fill for the consideration of one half dollar, but as his fill seemed to cover or embrace a larger quantity than Tempe possessed, the mayor decided that he had already recieved full value for his coin and ordered him to begone.

"The sandwich was good, Tempe, can you let me have another?" observed the genial mayor. Tempe surveyed the remains of her little stock mournfully, shaking her head sadly.

“Dat I can’t, Mars Torm, Dat nigger done clean meh plumb out. Nothin left but de plates. Never did see sich a niggarr since I was borned inter dis-sheer worl’!”

And so Tempe’s venture was not the success that she anticipated, but she still thinks that she would have done very well indeed if she had not “struck a snag,” meaning the man who devoured her whole stock in trade at one sitting.



He Knew the Mistress.



SOME men git dey wives, an, den ag'in, some men's wives git dem." No one seemed inclined to dispute this philosophy, and catching the beady, black eye of the saucy yellow housemaid, old 'Rastus continued :

"Dar was Miss Millie Otis, she war as ol' an' as ugly as Satan, — hopin' de Lawd'll scuse meh — but she got de fines' an' peartes' man in de county fer a husban.' Dat man was Mars George Lamb. Mars George's paw, he done die an' lef' Mars George mighty nigh a hundred niggers an' fo' big plantations.

"He done lef' him money in de bank, an'

steamboats. Yassir,"—emphatically, "steamboats on de ribber. An," questioningly, "what Mars George done do?" He done cut loose fas' as he could trabble down ter New 'leans, an' nobody an't seed 'im nor year nuthin' mo' er 'im twel he done got shed o' land, niggers, boats, an' all.

Den Miss Millie Otis she had mo' money an' truck'n Mars George, an' she truck'n sont 'im word by her paw, de ol' Jedge, dat if he wanted ter mahry, she had de money fer two an' she was done ready. Mars George knowed Miss Millie well, kase she done a grown gall when Mars George was sucklin,' an' eve'y body knowed she ol' 'nuff toe be de boy's maw.

"Mars George he study 'bout hit a spell; he study 'bout de niggers an' de lan' an' de money what he done spen', an' de niggers an' lan' an' money what Miss Millie got, an' bimeby he 'low he ready toe mahry if Miss Millie done hab 'im.

“Dey was mahried in de big house whar’ de ol’ jedge done die, an’ when Miss Millie come a-prancin’ inter de big parlor longside Mars George, lookin’ all de same’s de boy’s maw, an’ de fine white frock an’ long vail a-streamin’ over her face couldn’t hide hit nuther. Mars George, he cut he eye at all de purty young galls what was dar, a gigglin’ an’ a laffin’, but he warn’t thinkin’ ’bout dem. He mind was on Miss Millie’s money an’ niggers, but law, hit warn’t gwyne do him no manner er good ef he on’y knowed hit.

“Ol’ jedge Otis done gib ’em de big house an’ dee settle down dar, an’ Lawd-a-mussy, hit warn’t long befo’ hit was a dawg’s life Miss Millie put toe Mars George. Hit was: ‘Dis is mine, an’ dat is mine, an’ fore long Miss Millie she ’low, ‘you is mine, kase my money done bought yer,’ all de same’s if Mars George was any nigger. Bimeby Mars George git tired dat ’ooman’s foolishness an’

tink he gwyne toe New 'leans an' gwyne take Miss Millie's money same's he done take his'n, but Miss Millie done fool 'im, kase she done tie hit all up befo' dee done mahry, whar he can't put a finger on hit.

Den Mars George git mad; I tell yer, an' rear roun', but Miss Millie she just laff, an' when Mars George git tired he just slope off ter New 'leans all by he self, an' Miss Millie an't seed 'im from dat day ter dis. Kase when de yankees done come, Mars George went out ter he'p drive 'em off, an' he was done clean kilt, plumb the first one.

"Den dar was Miss Loulie, Miss Millie's sister," continued Rastus, for he was in a deeply reminiscent mood that ran on the shortcomings of his white folks, the feminine portion of which he was an acute, if rather crude judge. "Dat white 'ooman was dat scornful o' poo' folks dat she 'spised ter look at 'em. She 'low de ground an't good enough ter put her foots to, an' when she was a

ridin' an' a cavotin' up de big road on her hoss she'd drive clean over poo' folks ef dee didn't git outer de road.

"All de young bucks 'bout yere come co'tin' dat gall, but she jis rear her haid back an' driv' em all off, an' she 'low, Miss Loulie did, 'dat none of de white folks roun' dis place had fortin' big enough toe go long o' hern, an' dat all de young gen'leman was too onnery ter come a courtin' o' her.'

"Den Miss Loulie go long ter New 'leans wid de ol' judge, her paw, an' dee tek me long ter wait on 'em. Me, an' Silvy-Ann, an' our gall. Bless de Lawd! Whilst we war dar, Miss Loulie seed a young buck dat lowed he was from Kaintuck, er Allerbammer, er some sich outlandish place.

"He was mighty purty, an' mighty peart, an' he warn't stingy wid de niggers, nuth'er."

"But Lawd! de big tales dat white man done tole 'bout what he got in dat place,

whar he come from, an' de niggers he low call him. 'Marster!' "

"One day when he war settin' in Miss Loulie's parlor talkin' his big talk, Miss Loulie she 'low, she did :

" 'Mist' Rob't, how many niggers is yuh got, anyhow? '

" 'Mist' Rob't, roll he eyes an' look at Miss Loulie kind er keerless like an' he 'low : 'Well, Miss Loulie, I's got John, my man, an' Jim, my driver, and I's got forty mo,' I reckon.' Ummn ! Dat please Miss Loulie mightily, an' hit warn't long befo' she 'low ter Silvy-Ann, when she war a-combin' of her Missis' hair, dat she 'gwyne git mahried, an' de man what she gwyne mahry was Mist' Rob't.'

"Bless Gawd, dee did git mahried, an' sich a toe-do youh never laid yer eyes on. Look like dey warn't nuthin' good 'nough fer dat weddin'.

"Den when hit war all over an' de white

folks was a-gwyne home, ol' Jedge Otis call all de niggers out in de yard an' sorted out dem he gwyne give Miss Loulie.

"He done give her me an' Silvy-Ann, an' our chillun fer de house, an' Mars Rob't done 'low he had forty haid, Mars Otis done give Miss Loulie forty haid mo' kase she warn't gwyne be out-done by nobody.

"Befo' Gawd! When we all got toe Mars Robt's place, what yuh reckon? Dar warn't no big house dar 'tall! Dat sweet moufed white man done git Miss Loulie an' all dem niggers an' he an't nuthin' but po' white trash, nohow. Dar was a little, ol' ramshackle place what 'ud 'scrace de overseer er decent white folks, an' dar warn't no culled folks quarters 'tall, wuth talkin' 'bout. Miss Loulie step outen de kerridg, her paw's, what he done give her, an' she 'low she did:

"'Dissher de manshion yuh talk so much 'bout, sah?'

“Mars Rob’t talk an’ talk, but we culled folks an’t heered what he say. Miss Loulie walk up on de porch an’ set in de cheer what Mars Rob’t’s man fotch er, an’ she ’low to Mars Rob’t, she did:

“‘Git yer niggers togedder an’ lemme se ’em Hit wouldn’t be no surprise ef dee was just lāk de mansion. Git ’em togedder, sah!’ An’ Miss Loulie reared her haid lak she used ter when she went a-rampagin’ ’roun’ de ol’ jedge’s place ter home.

“Den Mars Rob’t ’low ter John, his man, ‘John, yuh go till Jim an’ forty mo’ dee missis wants ter see em.’ John he ’low, ‘yassir,’ an’ run off, an’ bimeby he come back wid Jim an’ a leetle, finicky ol’ nigger dat walk wid a stick. He so ol’ he toofs done drap out, an’ he an’t got no sign er ha’r on he’s haid. Dee come’ long ter de steps, kerchey-in’ ter de missis dee very bes’.

“Missis she look at Mars Rob’t an’ she ’low: ‘Well, sah, whar de forty mo’ yuh

talk 'bout ? ' Mars Rob't he look at dem tree mis'able niggers an' he 'low, as cool as a chunk of butter in de spring: ' Dem's all. Dar's John, meh man, an' Jim de driver, an' Forty mo', a mis'able ol' creeter dat an't good for nothin' dat's sartin, 'ceptin hit's buzzard's meat. Dat leetle ole one is Forty mo."

"Miss Loulie didn't say nuthin' but jess got up an' went into de house. But befo'she went she jess *look* at Mars Rob't, an' befo' de good Gawd ! I wouldn't a bin dat man not for *nothin'*, not if he is white an' mahried to de richest gall in de county. Kase, you all see, we done *know* Miss Loulie."



A No 'count Nigger.



THESS sher is white folks dat *is* white folks" was a statement with which old Rastus always prefaced his stories. "I 'members well how tings wus in ol' Mars' time. Dey wus ev'ryt'ing in de big house an' in de kitchen too, but honey, yo' paid for yo' vittles. Work yo'? Um-hum, honey, dont talk.

"Dar wus ol' Ira what used toe shuck de co'ne fer de mewls an' do 'bout ginnerly. Br'er Ira he go toe de co'ne house an he shuck co'ne nuff ter do one muel — an' dat warn't nuff ter do Ira heself ef hit was made into pone — an' den Br'er Ira he fall sleep in de co'ne shucks an' sleep an' sleep, twel twelve

o'clock done come an' de mewls is brung in, an' Ira still sleep, an' dey ant no co'ne ter feed em wid.

"Ol' Mars he fool 'long wid Ira, en tell him bout shuckin' er dat co'ne, an' he tell 'im ev'y day, but 'taint no manner er use. Dat nigger done git so sleepy w'en he git in de co'ne house, dat he jes nachully falls ter sleep an' furgits all 'bout dem mewels an' dee feed. Bimeby ol' Mars done git tired foolin' long wid Br'er Ira, an' he 'low, ol' Mars did :

" "Look-a-heer, you onnery, no count nigger, I done gwyne tas' you, an' ef you doan git dat tas' done, I gwyne whop yo' *sho* !

"Ol' Mars he go toe de co'ne house shoo nuff, an' he tas' Br'er Ira, but law ! dat doan do no manner er good, kase Ira he jus' sleep, an' de co'ne ant gwyne chuck by hitself. All dat gwyne on er Br'er Ira's sorter git ahead er ol' Mars, an' he 'low ter dat nigger :

- " "Ef yo' cant shuck co'ne you kin hoe

taters I gwyne *sold* yer,' an' a heap mo' Mars done say ter Ira what ant fitten fer no church member ter splain 'long arter 'im.

"Ol' Mars done whop Ira twel hit nat-chully ant no use, an' Mars couldn't sold him kase ev'ey body done know 'bout his owdacious triffinness.

"Bless de Lawd, Ira hoe taters lak he shuck co'ne. He leave dat hoe in de furrer an' go foolin' 'long wid de galls what was washin' cloes at de spring.

"When sundown done come, an' Mars seed de taters an't hoed, he sont fer Ira an' he 'lowed, ol' mars did: 'You onnery no 'count nigger! What you reckon I feeds you fer? You ant wuth de bread you eats. I ant gwyne whop you no mo,' an' I ant gwyne sold you, kase you ant wuth foolin' nobody wid. You ant no use on top side dissher yearth an' I'm done gwyne take you offen hit. I'm done gwyne ter bury you! You hear dat, nigger? I'm done gwyne bury you 'live!'

“Lawdy, Gawd A—mighty! Ef you never seed a skeered nigger, Ira he was one, an’ he begged ol’ Mars lak a dawg, but hit warn’t no use. No use ’tall.

“Ol’ Mars he call de cyarpenter an’ mek him take Ira’s size, an’ tell him ter mek a strong coffin fer dat nigger so’s he couldn’t bus’ loose no how. When de cyarpenter done mek dat coffin dey took Ira outen de smoke house whar dey done had him shot, kase dey was afeered he would take toe de swamp, an’ bless de lawd! Dee nailed ’im in de box an’ toted hit down ter de graveyard.

“Ol’ Mars, he went ’long ter see dey warn’t no foolin’, an’ he low he gwyne see dat no’ count’ nigger put down deep, Gentlemen, dat nigger he beg—yas sir, he jis reglarly preached! Ira ’he low: ‘Wah! Ol’ Mars, please sah dont done bury poo’ Ira sah!’

“Ol’ Mars he ’low: ‘Cyarry ’im ’long boys!

“Ira he ’low: ‘Please sah whop meh, er

sol' meh down de ribber, but fer Gawd sake doan put meh down wid de yeath worms !'

"Ol' Mars he low : 'Cyarry 'im long boys.'

"'Wah ! Please Mars ! I shuck all de co'ne, I done shuck *all* dat co'ne an' hoe de taters an' de cotton sah, ef you please doan put meh underneaf de groun' !'

"Ol Mars ! he sorter laff' an' he 'low : 'Cyarry 'im long boys.'

"Ira he done quit beggin an' took ter hollerin, an' Gentlemen, you could year dat nigger way down ter de crick, same's he done bin callin horgs!

"When dee gits ter de graveyard ol' Mars low : Is yuh got nuffin ter say, Ira, befo' yuh is buried !'

"Ira he lowed ; 'Yassir, boss, sah, Ef yuh please sah, doan bury meh dis time. Ef yuh doan do hit I done shuck all dat co'ne an' hoe all dem taters long fore sundown ! 'Fore de Lawd I will !'

"Mars he 'low ; 'ef you does all dat I lets


yuh off dis time, but nex' time yuh not done yuh tas' I bury yuh *shoo*. Let 'im out boys.'

"De cyarpenter he tuck off de lid an de way dat nigger he pop outen dat box was a sin! An' gentlemen, Br'er Ira he run ter dat co'ne house and had all that co'nes shucked 'long 'fo' hit was night. Ol' Mars he ant done bury Ira yit, kase he done die hese'f an' dat nigger's a settin here yit.



Big Ben.



“EN dar was dat no count' nigger, big Ben,” observed old Rastus polishing the bowl of the silver spoon he was cleaning, until his own visage, black, seamed and wrinkled, was reflected therein.

“He done mek ol' Mars mighty heap trouble in he time. Ol' Mars he wurn't what we all call' nigger driver, kase he nebber driv' he niggers, but he gwyne mek 'em wuk ef de good Gawd spar' 'im.

“But dat Ben was triflin' sho nuff, an' when ol' Mars brung 'im frum de swamp in cotton pickin' time an' sot 'im a workin' in de fiel,' Ben he 'low he not gwyne ter sweat hese'f toe def fer no white buckra, 'ceptin' he slip

up. An when hit rain an' rain an' spile de cotton crop, Ben he laff an' 'low ter de yether han's :

“ ‘More rain, more res’ ; all fair weather a’nt de bes.’

“ Ol’ Mars he done slip up on Ben an’ year ’im a-talkin’ dat-erway, an’ ol’ Mars he low right quick, he did :

“ ‘You black rascal ! What dat yuh say, sah ?’

“ Ben roll he eyes an’ look skeered, but Satan done tole ’im what ter say, an’ he low ter ol’ Mars, Ben did.

“ ‘More rain, massa, more de grass grow, sah.’

“ Ol’ Mars he laff, kase he done know Ben wus a-prevericatin,’ but twarn’t long befo’ de white folks kotch up wid dat nigger. Ben he toted an’ toted. He toted meat from de smoke house an’ hid it in de swamp an’ he toted meal an put hit dar, too.

“ Ol’ Mars he keep he eye on ’im, but he

a'nt say nothin' yit. Den Ben he go ter de kitchen an' see Jinny, de dinin' room gall, an' he sorter come 'roun' Jinny, he did, an' 'low he gwyne marry 'er, an' Jinny tote 'im vittles frum de kitchen twel one day Missus she kotch dat 'ooman.

"De cook she bile a ham lak ol' Missus tole her an' sot hit out ter cool, an' Jinny see dat ham, an' 'low she gwyne tote hit ter Ben sho's she bawn.

"When Jinny was a gwyne thoo the passage wid dat ham she hear ol' Miss a-comin' She knowed hit wus ol' Miss, kase she hear her silk frock a rustlin', an' she hide dat ham underneath her coat, but ol' Miss done see 'er do hit an' give 'er fifty lashes.

"Den Jinny she got no mo' use fer Ben, an' wouldn't fool 'long wid 'im no mo,' an' when Ben done toted all he could git he slipped off ter de swamp, an ol' Mars never did know whar he went.

"When ol' Mars fin' out dat Ben done

gone he ax Jinny wharabouts dat nigger? but Jinny 'low she don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout 'im no how. Mars he whop 'er but she don't know whar he gone, 'ceptin' he wid de rations he done hid in de swamp. Den Jinny she tell 'bout dem rations dat Ben steal an' tote off ter de swamp.

"Nobody done tole Ben dat Jinny tell on him, but he know hit sartin, kase he slip up to de quarter an' lay 'round twel he git de chance den he steal Jinny's boy what she had befo' she done come ter de plantation. He was a purty leetle yaller boy 'bout so high, an' young Miss, she' keep 'im ter fotch an tote fer her, an' he lay 'roun' de big house twel he git as fat an' sassy as a coon in 'simmon time.

"When Jinny miss de boy an' couldn't fin' 'im she knowed Ben done got 'im, an' she took ter rampin', 'roun' 'rageously, an' young Miss she took on 'most as bad as Jinny she-self.

"Ol' Mars he got out de houn's, an' de

yether white mens dey hunted an' dey hunted, but dey a'nt find nuthin,' an' Ben he jis' lay low twel de millyons was ripe in de fiel'. Den we all knowed Br'er Ben warn't far kase de han's done seed his tracks in de patch, but none er dem niggers done tole ol' Mars.

"A'ter while when de fodder was done pulled an' de cone shucked, an' all de mill-yons done eat up, ol' Mars done turn out de horgs in de fiel.' Dat ar wuz zackly what Br'er Ben was countin' on, kase den he jis slip out inter de cone patch any night an' catch 'im a fat shoat an' eat barbecue twel he don't want no mo.'

"Bimeby de horgs git ter runin' short, an' ol' Mars he took ter countin' 'em an' fin' dem missin', an' den ol' Mars' he low, he did. 'Hits dat rascal Ben. I done seed his tracks in de fiel,' an' I gwyne kotch 'im ef hit takes every houn in dis-sheer county.'

"Den ol' Mars he sont down ter C'lumby

county, an' he sont ter Lincoln county fer de houns' an' dey was all brung down ter de plantation, an' sich a kiyiin uv houn's you never heered in all yer bawn days.

"But Lawd bless yo' soul, hit warn't no manner er use. All de buckra men an' all de houn's never did kotch Br'er Ben. He jess lay low an' say nuthin.'

"A'ter while when de horgs was brung in an' de taters was done banked an' ev'ytin'g was fixed, hit jess sot in an' freeze an' freeze an' we-uns had de bigges' horg killin' dat eber was in dat county er de hull state er Georgy.

"Ol Mars he couldn't kotch Br'er Ben, an' de houn's warn't no manner er count, but people, de fros' an de snow hit took 'im.

"One mawnin' 'fore day ol' Jocks, he dat druv ol' Miss, yeared a knockin' an' a knockin' at he doo,' but Jocko he neber let on lak he done yet, kase he a-feered hit waz Ku-Klux. Dee knock an' dee knock, an' bimeby dee call, an' den Jocko 'low ter he-se'f: "Dat ar's Br'er Ben, shor's Ise bawn.

“ Jacko he wait twel he 'ere de call again, 'den he git up an' crack de doo' an, he 'low : 'Dat yo' Br'er Ben ?' an' Br'er Ben he 'low : 'Dissher's Ben, Jocko,' an' when Jocko crack de doo,' he slip in an' 'low ter Jacko, he did :

“ ‘ I pow'ful hongry, Br'er Jocko, I a'nt eat nothin' much since hit done friz. Can't yo' gib meh some brade ?' ”

“ Jocko he unkiver de ash cake an give hit ter Br'er Ben, den he 'low, Jocko did : 'Brer Ben, how come de houn's ant kotch yo' ?' Br'er Ben he 'low :

“ ‘ Kase dey never come whar I was, an' dey never come whar I was kase dey couldn't git dar — yah ! yah !' ”

“ Ben he eat de ash cake, an 'long 'fore day he quit de cabin, but ol' Jocko was too skeered toe look which erway he went. In de mawnin' ol' Jocko study 'bout hit an'bimeby he tole ol' Mars 'bout Br'er Ben, an, ol' Mars 'low ter Jocko, he did.

“ ‘ Jacko, ef dat nigger come back an' yo'

lets meh know he dar so's I kotch 'im, I gwyne gib yo' freedom shooly,'

"Jacko he ol' nigger, all cripple an' drawed up wid de misery in de jints, but jess de same he lak ter go free fore he die, an' he promise ol' Mars he let 'im know.

"Ol' Mars waited an' waited, twel de dark er de moon, an' one mawnin' jess befo' day, he yer ol' Jacko 'low loud as he can holler, jess de same's he a callin horgs :

"'Come in Br'er Ben, an git de ash cake. Hits done cook nice an brown fer suh, an' is a-waitin', an' Ben he 'low :

"'Shet yer big mouf, Jacko, white folks done yere yuh !

"'White folks a'nt gwyne yere, Br'er Ben. White folks deep down in de feather bed. Come in, I tells yer, Br'er Ben, an' git de ash cake 'fo' yuh goes back ter de swamp.

"Br'er Ben went in, an' bimeby ol' Mars slip up on 'im an' kotch im, an' 'fore mawnin' Ben he done locked up in de cone house.


“ Did Jocko git he freedom ? Bress Gawd ! No, chile. Ol’ Mars he took Br’er Ben an ol’ Jocko on de log boat down de river an’ sold em to a nigger driver fer de sugar fiel’s.

“ A’ter while Jinny’s boy he come a-crawl-in’ back. He was a crawlin’ kase he couldn’t walk, he feet done friz up toe he knees, whar he’d bin a-sleepin’ out in de fros’ an’ de cold, an’ bless de good Lawd, he done crawl twel dis day ! ”



Two Gourds of fat.



 NEVER is furgit dat ol' nigger, Jocko," observed Rastus, watching with approving eye, the cook basting a brace of fat fowls "put de gravy on 'em plenty, an'doan' spar de butter," parenthetically. "He was de bigges fool nigger on de plantation. Yassir, he was sho' a 'stracted nigger. Dissher de way ol' Mars come ter have dem Af'ican niggers. One day we all seed a boat come a wallerin' down de ribber, an' de chillun flew ter de big house an' tole de white folks hit was a-comin'. Ol' Mars he took he spy glass what he hab toe set in de shade an' watch dem niggers workin' way down in de cotton patch, an' he

walk down ter de laudin' ter see de boat a-comin. Ol' Mars Jeems Jones was a eatin' break'fus' at de big house, an' he went 'long wid Mars toe de ribber too.

"Ol' Mars put de glass toe he eye an' bimeby he 'low : 'Hit's Sunday School Sam,' an' I low, 'he got somefin on board,' an ol' Mars he laff fit ter kill hese'f an' Mars Jeems he laff too.

"But Lawdy Gawd ! I ant laff nun, kase I know *dat* trader sho nuff, an' he was wusser'n enny what traped up an' down de hull ribber.

"Den de news spread on dat plantation dat Mars Sunday School Sam was a comin', an'I 'low dee was skeered niggers dat day, kase dee didn't know what ol' Mars was a-gwyne do nohow.

"Dat boat stop an' Mars an' Mars Jeems dee git on board, an' dee stay an' stay, an' seem lak dee was a-comin' back, when reckly dee comes a rowin' back, wid three yether niggers, de daddy an' de two sons,

an' bless Gawd, dem culled pussons ant had no mo' cloes on dem 'n de day dee was bawn inter dissher worl' ! Ol' Mars he brung 'em up ter de quarters, an'de 'oomen dee commence ter cut an sew, an' bimeby dee had clo'es a plenty fer dem new niggers, what was locked up in de smoke house twel dee git dressed same's folks. Den when de 'oomen git de clo'es make Mars 'low ter de men ter 'fotch em ter de smoke house an' put 'em on dem folks.'

"Kase yer see, honey, dee was dem kine er Af'can niggers what didn't know what clo'es was. And Lawdy Gawd, Chillun, as fas' as de men put de good new homespun clo'es, on dem niggers, dee t'ar em off er em, twel dee git plumb tired a-tearin' em. A'ter while dee git so dee leave de clo'es on, an' bimeby dee larn talk leetle bit lak folks, an' den ol' Mars he 'low ter de overseer he done hit.

"Dee do mighty well, a tenden de horgs

'n' de sheep, an' a haulin' an' a cuttin' wood
'n' sich, 'n' de git ter talk right well. Ol'
Jocko he min' de sheep, an' bimeby dem
sheep commence ter come a missin'. A lamb
hit gone, an' den a big sheep hit gone, den
a shoat an' a yearlin'. Ol' Mars he watch,
an' de overseer he watch, but dee ant seed
nobody steal dem critters yit, kase whilst dee
watchin' dem animals all stay whar dee b'long.

"Den one day Missis go ter de smoke
house an' fin' whar some nigger done burrow
under de wall an' steal de rations outen dar.
Dar was hams a-missin an' sides er meat, an'
gourds er fat, an' meal twel dar warnt no
en,' an' den ol' Mars 'low he done tired er
dat foolishness an' he gwyne fin' out who
dat stealin', an' when he cotch up wid 'em
he gwyne sol' em ter de fust trader come
erlong.

"An Mars he do lak he say. Dar was ol'
Jocks, dat ol' Af'can an' he too sons, an' Ben
what I done tole yer bout. Dee was all dar

a-waitin' an' ol' Mars he 'low ter de driver,
he did :

“ ‘Begin wid Peter,’ dat was Jocko’s big-
ges’ son, an’ de driver did datter way lak ol’
Mars tell ’im. He take dat Pete, an’ he strip
(’im an tie ’im ter de pos’ an’ den de driver
he ’low :

“ ‘Who dat bin a stealin’ dem tings,’ an’
cut im wid de rawhide. Pete he jump lak a
ol’ hen in hot ashes, an’ he ’low : ‘ I dunno,
please Mars, an’ ol’ Jocko he ’low, a dancin’
roun’ wusser’n Pete hese’f ; ‘ Sticky ter dat,
son ! sticky ter dat, son ! ’

“ Dee done whop Pete, an’ dee whop Bob,
an’ dee ant say nuthin’ bout de stealin’ ’tall
’ceptin ‘ I dunno, Mars,’ an’ den dee tuk ol’
Jocko hese’f.

“ Well, sah, w’en dee tuk hol’ er dat ol’
nigger ter tie ’im he commenced ter preach,
ah’ Lawd, Gawd-Amighty ! Yuh cud a-done
heed ’im clean ter de settlement. Yassir, he
preached ! ‘ Oh Mars ! Please sah, doan

whop Jocko,' he 'low, an' ol' Mars he 'low his se'f: 'Who steal dem rations an' dem critters, yuh ol' tief?'

"Jocko he 'low: 'Oh Mars, please sah, I dunno' sah!'

"Den de driver lay hit on ol' Jocko "Cushwou!' De whip hit 'im, an' suh, he preach louder yit, an' time dee done hit 'im nother time dat ol' nigger bleg' ter tell all he done know.

"Cushwou! de whip say, an' ol' Jocko he 'low 'Wah, masser! Look down in de tater hole!' Cushwou! 'Yuh fine two hams er meat an'two gourds er fat,' Cushwou! 'Wah' masser! Look down in de ol' dry well!' Cushwou! 'Yuh fin one bag er meal an' all dem sheep!' An' bles Gawd, ev'ry time dee pop ol' Jocko he tell whar dee done put dat rations, twel he done tole all he knowed bout hit, an' Pete an' Bob 'lowed, 'ef dee knowed dee paw gwyne tell dee tell deyse'f 'fore dee git a whoppin' lak dat fur nuthin'.

“ Den de driver he put de mule in de cyart an’ drub ter de tater hole, an’ git dem hams er meat, an’ dem gourds er fat, an’ den he went ter de ol’ dry well an’ git de meal an’ de sheep what was done stowed dar, an’ gentlemen, when he come back he done had de cyart loaded full !

“ No, honey, Mars an’t done keep dem niggers. A’ter de horg killin’ an’ de chris’mus was ober Mars he tek dem an’ some yether chillun what he done tek a unlike ter, an’ sol’ ’em ter a trader what come erlong, kase yer see, ol’ Mars couldn’t brek em from stealin’ nohow.”



Ephiram's Bold Stroke.



ESTHER was busy at the washtub, but she kept a vigilant eye upon the cabin door, so that Ephriam, her better half, could not slip away without being seen and intercepted by her. Esther was not a tyrant, but she ruled the trifling little old man with a rigor little to his liking, and he respected as well as feared her, mightily.

Eph knew that Esther's eye was upon the door, so slipping from the rear of the cabin, he kept in the shadow, hoping to reach the neck of the woods before being discovered and commanded to return.

But just as the goal was almost reached and Eph was about to plunge into the shadow

of the tall trees, a voice that always made his eyes bulge and his wool creep upon his tough old pate, reached his ear.

"Yuh Eph, sah, whar dat yer gwyne? Foolin' 'bout in dem woods an' meh a-wash-in' mehse'f toe-deff ovah de wash-tub! Come back heah, sah, an' shove de bresh up toe dissher pot!"

And Eph's shrill treble answered back: "Jess a-gwyne down by de branch, a leetle. Seed a mighty big buck rabbit dar two maw-nin's, an' mebbe ef yer maw comes, she'd lak some stew."

The allusion to her mother mollified Esther, as Eph counted upon its doing, and as the good soul said no more he limped hastily into the thicket.

"Drub-drub," went the washboard, as Esther patiently toiled away the sunny moments, and Eph roamed in well contented leisure through the pleasant greenery of the summer woods. Emerging near the spring,

Eph crept cautiously forward, and surely enough, tripping daintily about among the lush grasses he discovered a fine grey jack-rabbit. In an instant the gun went up, the little oily eye twinkled viciously at the sight, there was a sharp report, and when the film of blue smoke melted, Eph was joyfully bagging his woolly prize.

Shouldering his ancient single bared weapon the old fellow strode on, humming contentedly, a camp-meeting hymn, until he arrived at a small log cabin set in the middle of a tiny clearing deep in the woods. Straddling the rail fence he went boldly up to the rear door of a small hut, and entered as though sure of his welcome, or as one whose visits would be taken as a matter of course.

Sitting in the sunshine, wrapping her hair which stood in great wiry masses about her face, was the mistress of the cabin, a big, yellow woman with great prominent white teeth and big bold eyes.

"What dat yuh doin' honey?" Eph asked familiarly, appropriating the only other hide bottomed chair the room contained.

"Who dat yuh call 'honey?' she demanded, as though not well pleased.

"Pooty yaller 'ooman, lak yuh," Eph answered with ready gallantry.

The woman laughed, and leaning forward applied a smart slap on the old man's withered jaw. "Tek dat-ar, yuh ol' 'ceitful possum!" she observed spitefully.

"If I'd a-knowed yuh was gwyne pop meh jaw," observed Eph much aggrieved, "I wouldn't a brought yuh dis-sheer," and he drew from his bag the limp jack rabbit and laid it across her lap. The woman fondled the soft ears of the creature, looking wickedly at its donor from the corner of her eye. "Huk-kum," she asked severely, "huk-kum yuh an't give hit ter dat brown-skin gall down dar in de holler?"

Eph pricked up his ears, simulating innocence and surprise. "Who dat 'low 'bout no brown-skin gall? Don't know nuthin' 'tall bout her, myse'f."

"Um-huh! Dat'll do for yuh ter say in meeting," gibingly.

Then Eph drew his call to an abrupt close, starting homeward by a short cut through the wood. The woman's displeasure made a very transient impression upon him, for as he slouched along through the delicious greenery, he essayed to sing in a curious cracked falsetto, that seemed at times to gurgle out in lumps, then to trickle forth in a thready steam, making altogether a rather queer sounding performance indeed. The hymn tune now gave precedence to a love ditty, which the old man warbled with much unction

"I tek meh true-lub by de han'
An' turn her roun 'an' roun'
I tek her toe de sugar tree
An' shake de sugar down!
An' shake de sugar down."

The last line was repeated with many shakes and quavers and trills of the queer old voice, spinning the final word through a series of notes both original and unique. Coming into another clearing where the meeting house stood, the old fellow paused abruptly and with a claw-like hand curled behind his ear, stood listening intently.

Surely some one was in the building, possibly a number of persons, and thinking he might as well inform himself of what was going on, without himself being seen, if possible, he crept cautiously up to the rear of the log building, and dropping on his knees, applied his eye to a chink in the wall, from which coign of vantage could be seen quite plainly the whole interior of the church. The door stood ajar, letting in a thin steam of sunshine, and in the cool shady dimness, Eph recognized a prominent and powerful preacher of his own race, standing on the floor, in the act of rehearsing his sermon for the coming Sunday.

The preacher, a big, glossy black negro, but with much power and homely eloquence and a through knowledge of his subject, was just rounding off an elaborate period as Eph applied his eye to the chink and to illustrate his point, the preacher continued, after a short impressive pause:

"Now dar's Br'er Jones. He sets in de 'Amen' conder same's a 'coon in a holler stump, an many 'nother nigger 'lows 'Amen' as strong as he do. But jess de same he gwyne rob hen roost an' tater-bank befo' he gits home ter-night. Den dar sets Sis' Pheby," pointing an accusing finger into the dim recesses of the empty benches, "To be sho she's a big chu'ch member, but ant she gwyne here an' a gwyne dar, a-totin' of tales an' a makin' a quar'l betwix dissher man an' he wife, an' a stirrin' up of a mess de whole week?"

"Um-hum!" ejaculated Eph with unctuous approval, "give hit toe dem sinners Br'er Jackson!"

"Den," continued the preacher, all unconscious of an approving auditor, "Den dars dat Deacon Gibbs, a settin' right dar amongst yer, an' ef de good Lawd was ter come down dissher minit an look in dat nigger's britches pocket, he'd find dem bones what de deacon loves ter shake better'n he love de blessed light. Yas! Br'er'n an' sisters, dice is Deacon Gibbses besettin' sin."

Eph smothered a chuckle of amused approval, and as the preacher continued to score one after another of the prominent members of the congregation, twisted himself with many grotesque postures of suppressed mirth. But suddenly his grin vanished, he hitched up closer to the crack in the wall, his jaw dropped and his countenance took an expression of strained intensity of interest. The preacher's voice had sunk to a less impressive and accusing key, but his remarks were of burning interest to the old man, for he himself was the subject.

"Another one of dem lambs in sheep's cloding," continued the preacher, "is Br'er Ephr'm Washin'ton. He run here toe dissher 'ooman an' dar toe see dat-ar 'ooman an' yander ter see dat gal, twel he an't got no time 'tall toe work for he own wife, Esther, an' I tell you all, sis' Esther is a mighty fine 'ooman an' sister in de church. Dat she is!"

Eph had heard sufficient. His interested amusement in the discourse had evaporated, and shouldering his old gun he crept silently and noiselessly away from the church into the wood. By a short cut he soon reached his own cabin, and taking Esther aside, told her in part, the sermon he overheard.

"He 'low," said the wily Eph, "right out in meetin', dat yo' leads yo' poo' ol' husban' a dawg's life, but," noting a ominous change on Esther's face, "I spec dat some sis' Phoebe's lies what he done hear."

Esther was indignant and expressed a

determination to tell the preacher "what was what" when she once "laid eyes on him," but Eph offered eager counsel.

"When he git here," advised he, "we gwyne draw dat 'simmon beer an' set 'im down ter dat rabbit stew an' roas' tater what you savin' fer yo' maw, an' den we gwyne kotch some er dem fat chickens what flouncing round in dat co'n patch, fer he's break'fas' an' when he git ter de chu'ch, I boun' he done furgit all about how yo' is done lak yo' oughten ter."

Eph's advice prevailed. The preacher came and was so graciously received and hospitably entertained that he put off other calls until the morrow. Esther's cracked pitcher was drawn full of foamy 'simmon beer, a capacious hide seated rocker was placed for him beneath the shade of the flowering peach trees, and he abandoned himself to rest and pleasant anticipations of the pleasures in store.

While the good man rested, Eph let no grass grow beneath his rheumatic old feet. Drawing Esther into the cabin, he whispered: "I done git dat jack rabbit dis mawnin, an' got him a-coolin' down at de spring. I gwyne git 'im fer dat stew."

Esther nodded approving assent and slipping through the rear exit, Eph was soon again gliding through the shadowy spring woods. Making a detour he came out behind the cabin where he had visited earlier in the day, and where he had left the spoil of his marksmanship. As he had hoped, all about the cabin was silent, and to Eph's trained eye, the indications about the clearing betokened absence of the inmates of the place. But to guard against surprises and make assurance doubly sure the old fellow applied his eye to the hole near the door fastening and shook the door, calling softly: "M'linda! Oh, M'linda!"

A very lean yellow cat came through the

cat-hole beneath the door, blinking soft yellow eyes, and fawning around the old man's feet.

"Ump!" and with a stealthy glide, Eph, left the door and was peering anxiously into the well. Pushing over, he began to pull a string at the end of which, some object dangled down the cool depths. When he brought it up, the light revealed the jack rabbit of the morning, all nicely skinned and salted, coiled cool and inviting in the bottom of a large tin pail. Eph's old lips curled over his toothless gums in a maliciously amused grin as he cut the string, and after carefully obliterating his tracks from the moist earth about the well curb, glided again into the greenery of his beloved woods.

"Injin giver!" he muttered in capital imitation of the big yellow woman whom he had just dispoiled of her expectant meal. "Injin giver' you 'ceitful ol' 'possum! He-he!"

When the hour for retiring came, Esther

brought out her favorite "rising sun" quilt, a present from her long dead mistress, piled her bed high with pillows filled with the outer covering of many sacrificed fowls, then she and her foxy little spouse retired to the lesser comforts of the shed-room to await developments.

Sunday dawned soft and balmy, as only a spring day in the south can dawn, the people flocked to hear the eloquent preacher, the service opened and progressed favorably, the singing was loud and hearty, and the contribution plate made the voyage of the church and returned decently filled. Then the deacons retired to their seats and the preacher prepared to open his sermon.

There was a rustle of excitement and expectancy. Through the open door and windows the sweet spring air floated, mingling with the odor of peppermint and other rank smelling "meetin' house draps" with which the people love to anoint themselves on state

occasions. There were many hearty and approving "amens," "bless gawds" and "dat's de shinin' trufe's," as the speaker proceeded. He spoke eloquently of the sins of people generally, then swiftly narrowed down to the luckless people present.

Br'er Jones, Sis' Phoeby, Deacon Gibbs all received the scoring treasured up for them, and many others came in for like attentions. Then the preacher's wandering eye rested on Eph sitting meekly beside his anxious spouse, he recalled the delicious beer, cool and pungent, with which Esther had so generously regaled him, the toothsome stew and appetizing chicken that had been so lavishly served for his delectation, and his awful eye softened to kindness as it passed on.


When old Eph returned to his cabin that day he retired to the privacy of his shed-room, where he relieved his pent up emotions in bursts of silent laughter and many queer contortions of his gnarled old person. It was

a close call Eph realized, and as he slid about the woods he more than once congratulated himself upon his bold stroke of diplomacy.



A Hoodoed Seven.



LD Ira was happy. For the seventh time he was about to enter the bonds of the holy state, and though having had an experience extending over a reign of serval different women, he had not been as many times widowed.

Old Ira was reputed a hard man to live with. The first woman found this condition true and left him unceremoniously, taking up with a yellow turkey driver from North Carolina and travelling back with him to his native state after he had disposed of his feathered wares.

The next two died, and their sucessors, Ira had simply "put down," finding them

a bit too high-handed and independent for his taste, as his soul loathed a "biggoty 'ooman."

But nothing daunted by his hymenial misadventures he was about to run into the matrimonial noose even for the seventh time.

"For," he reasoned, "didn't dem angels blow dem bugles seven times in de woods 'roun' Jericko, an' didn't de good Lawd s'postulate dem sinners seben times?" This reasoning seemed good to the old man; though his scriptural locations might not be exactly accurate, his mind was clear on the numerical point, for might not seven be his magical winning number in matrimony as well as craps?

His last and present choice was a strapping girl of twenty, with big rolling eyes and flashing teeth, as full of life and spirits as Ira was old, twisted and shrivelled by time and rheumatism.

There was some complications, however,

regarding the match, as the bride-elect expected to espouse quite another groom than Ira, but the old man laid his plans without reference as to what her feelings might be in the least.

For was not he, the owner, if only by "squatter" rights of a one room cabin, a bit of tillable land and a small hay-colored donkey — even though these proud possessions were in the final stages of dilapidation and decrepitude — a better match than a "horse-boy" of the straggling villiage, possessing nothing but a non-descript costume of looped and windowed raggedness, and the few stray nickles he could come by, holding horses and other sundry errands?

Ira was no blunderer in the reading of human nature, especially woman nature, and though he was weazened and old, rheumatic and of ill repute, his worldly goods would outweigh youth and good looks when weighed in the balance of a woman's estimation.

But the wily old fox did not trust entirely to his own personal persuasiveness or that of his worldly possessions. The day before his rival's wedding was to be celebrated, he approached the groom elect, who found his reasoning so convincing or his eloquence so persuasive, that when Ira left him, it was with all the rights, lock and stock of Dick to wed the buxon Silvy, verbally vested in consideration of one gallon jug of new corn whisky and a bright silver dollar. Ira delivered the whisky on the spot, and promised to pay the dollar after the knot was finally tied, and fully satisfied, Dick dismissed the bartered bride, Ira and all worldly considerations from his mind, and proceeded to float among the joys of that Elysium produced by potations unlimited of the pearly corn fluid.

And Ira was correct, for when Silvy understood that Dick was reluctant, her consent was at once transferred to her old gallant, and the name of Ira was written in the

license where that of Dick should have been.

The day following the wedding, the newly made Benedick might have been observed engaged in a very curious occupation. Down on the river-bank, where the swamp willows grew tall and lithe, old Ira rustled, cutting with diligence the toughest switches, and as he cut and tested he muttered to himself :

“ I’m gwyne down de ribber bank honey, toe cut some switches fer toe mek dem cotton baskets outen.—He-he ! Gall gwyne fin’ out what sort’er cotton basket I’m gwyne mek outer *dem* switches. ’Ooman lak dawg, jess nachelly *bleeged* toe beat ’em. *Um hum !* ”

But Ira had unconsciously arrived at a time when his worldly philosophy was to fail him, and his trust in the lucky seven play him false. Yet this morning he was happy, the air was balmy, the sun shone ardently down, but the willows were thick and cast a dim shade over the yellow river, rippling

softly, whispering of the many schools of catfish that lurked along its reedy channels, and above all, he had provided a pair of strong young arms to till his "gyarden patch" and grub his lightwood knots for the future, leaving him ample time to enjoy the shade of the willows and entice the toothsome little channel cats from their reedy hiding places.

But Ira was reckoning without his wife for whose sole benefit he was so busily cutting the slender rods. He had reckoned without her consent on the first occasion and all had gone well, but alas, now the tide was to run the other way. He carried his switches home indeed, but it was not Silvy's back that felt the smart; his "gyarden patch" was tilled and the hearth was always filled with knots of pine, but it was not Silvy's shapely yellow hands that did the work, and from being lord of all he surveyed and master of his own little kingdom, Ira learned what it was to taste the bitterness of unwilling surfdom.

But though Ira was beaten, he was by no means conquered and while he was as wax in his wife's strong hands, and his fear of her big, shiny eyes passed his understanding, his will and cunning still remained. His wits worked nimbly and one morning, when Silvy had tied up her dress skirts, taken her fishing rods and started for the river, his plans were quickly put into execution.

Harnessing the little donkey, he gathered his goods and chattels into one hastily packed load, and while his wife walked leisurely toward the river, Ira drove hastily down the road in the opposite direction. All day and all night he trudged beside his little load of worldly goods that had brought him a wife indeed, but also a world of trouble, and when the next day dawned, weary and footsore he rested in the edge of the woods tethering the mule to his load for safety, and such profound sleep overpowered him, that he lay unconscious of the fleeting hours.

The sun was high when he woke with a start, and sat upright as quickly as his crippled old limbs would allow. Did his vision also play him false? Standing beside the load to which the donkey was already harnessed and facing homeward, was his yellow Nemesis, taller, bigger and more buxom it seemed to Ira, than she had ever looked before.

He made no objection to her peremptory order for a backward march, and hungry and footsore, he trudged behind, the weary distance he had covered so briskly the day and night before.

.

The garden patch is perfectly tilled and all about the cabin speaks of work well done. Ira still cuts willow switches from the river bank, but they are smaller and more flexible, suitable entirely for the basket making industry. His faith in the number seven as a lucky cast is dead, and though he sings at

his work, there is in the tones of his reedy old voice a different note. Sometimes it is plaintive, especially when he sings his favorite song :

“I’m gwyne back — I’m gwyne back !
Back toe meh deah ol’ south’en home — !
I’m gwine — I’m gwyne back
Where money hang lak apples on de vine.”



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| | | |
|--|--|--|

Form L9-50m-4,'61(B8994s4)444

**THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES**

PS

2587 Pike -

P51s Southern echoes

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 121 186 1

PS

2587

P51s

